

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, MARCH 12, 1887.

[NUMBER 2.]

CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS—

- NOTES—How to Ride Down Hill; New English Martyrs; the Glorious Company; Groping Toward Safety; Mr. Connor on "Possibilities;" Henry Ward Beecher; James K. Hosmer's Prophecy; Orthodoxy and Human Sympathy; the New Gospel Hymns in the Nursery; Mr. Simmons on Tennyson's Last Poem; Savage's Reply to Lowell; a Philadelphia Year Book..... 19
- Ethical Culture.—U..... 20

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED—

- Thirty Thousand.—To E. B. C.—W. C. G..... 21
- The Teaching of George Eliot's Novels.—ABBIE M. GANNETT..... 21
- How we got the Temperance Society in the Church. A story of what might be.—W. C. G..... 22

- Picture Reform in Sunday-school.—J. C. F. GRUMBINE..... 24
- George Eliot's Ideals in Real Life.—Quincy Optic..... 24
- Our Covenant.—Charles G. Ames..... 25

THE STUDY TABLE—

- "Practical Piety;" "A Commentary on the Literary Bibles of the Occident;" "Susanna Wesley."..... 25

THE HOME—

- A Granite Man; a Word and a Deed..... 26

UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT—

- A Liberal and a Professional Faith.—JOHN C. LEARNED..... 27

NOTES FROM THE FIELD..... 30

ANNOUNCEMENTS..... 31

PRACTICAL PIETY, the new book of sermons by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, which is noticed elsewhere in this issue of UNITY, will be mailed to any address on receipt of 30 cents, or will be sent free to any one sending 50 cents for a four months' trial subscription to UNITY. The book is bound in limp cloth, and contains 60 pages of open type. The separate titles of the four sermons which it contains are "The Economies of Religion," "Bread versus Ideas," "Present Sanctities," and "The Claims of the Children." Charles H. Kerr & Co., Publishers, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS OF THE OPEN COURT FOR MARCH 3.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS—	PAGE.
The Mission of Secularism. Felix L. Oswald.....	29
Possibilities. Rowland Connor.....	30
The Harmony of the Spheres. Paul Carus, Ph.D.....	33
A Theological Paradox. Minot J. Savage.....	36
Monism in Modern Philosophy and the Agnostic Attitude of Mind, Part II. Edward Montgomery.....	37
EDITORIALS—	
Darwin and His Work.....	40
Science vs. Theology.....	43
Notes.....	44
ESSAY AND DISCUSSION—	
Unitarianism and Its Grandchildren. Moncure D. Conway.....	46
Comments on Mr. Hegeler's Essay. W. M. Salter.....	51
CORRESPONDENCE—	
A Letter from Boston. Ednah Dow Cheney.....	52
Limitations of the Human Feeling. F. B. Taylor.....	53
Free-Thought Lyceums. Thos. H. Jappe.....	53
Ethical Culture and Monism. R. B. Westbrook.....	54
POETRY—	
Drifting. Walter Crane.....	54
The Age. W. F. Barnard.....	54
BOOK NOTICES—	
Lettres Inédites de Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. Charles Fleury.....	55
Recent Publications of John B. Alden.....	56
The Chicago Law Times.....	56
Magazines. St. Nicholas—Atlantic—Century.....	56

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VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, MARCH 12, 1887.

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EDITORIAL.

ALLUDING to the tobogganing craze, the *Lever* thinks that the surest and quickest way of riding down hill is on a jug.

ROME has recently added fifty-four English martyrs in the time of Henry VIII. to its calendar of saints, among which is Thomas Moore.

WILLIAM M. PAYNE, in the *Dial* for February, speaks of Goethe, Hugo, Milton, and Landor, as belonging to the "glorious company of those whose high hope has remained undimmed in extremest age."

A PATENT heater full of fire was purposely dumped the other day over a bridge near New York. It fell forty feet into a pile of combustible matter, and it did not burn anything. This is the way the railroad authorities are groping toward safety. Patience will bring it. Persistency and ingenuity exercised in the search for safer railroad transit may offer a lesson to the preachers.

THE second number of *The Open Court* contains the brilliant article entitled "Possibilities" by Rowland Connor, a part of which we listened to with great interest at the Manistee Dedication, referred to in our last number. In this article Mr. Connor predicts the early success of submarine and aerial navigation, of the "electroscope," which will enable us to see distant objects, as now we hear distant voices through the telephone, and the perfection of the new glass recently invented in Germany, which will immensely extend the power of the telescope and microscope.

HENRY WARD BEECHER is dead. The land is in mourning, and the press is crowded with tributes to the memory of the greatest pulpit orator America has ever produced. The final summing up of his life will find him a Great-Heart. All his instincts were humanitarian. He was always a willing advocate of the oppressed of every kind and condition. His influence has been a mighty power for liberal things. All honor to the great preacher, and all sympathy to the bereaved family, and to the thousands who depended upon his weekly ministrations for their best help in the life of the spirit.

JAMES K. HOSMER, of the Washington University, is at work upon a new life of Sir Henry Vane. Last summer he spent in London, accumulating materials for the same. In a recent number of the *Literary World* he gives an interesting account of his literary explorations and discoveries abroad, in which article he indulges in the following prophecy. Who dare say that it may not come true?

"I heard Sir Wilfrid Lawson in Parliament shout out that he 'belonged to a society for the abolition of the House of Lords,' and there were loud cheers. Few doubt that disestablishment is near. As England grows more and more like us, her great dependencies, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape and Canada, already being like us, what is to hinder the coming together of the English-speaking world sometime into a great federation? Dependence was once a good thing; without it colonial America would have fallen to France. Independence was and is a good thing, for us and for England too. But inter-dependence

is something yet finer, and I think it is not unreasonable or Utopian to anticipate a time when ancient prejudices will be mitigated, and a desire to come together into a brotherly bond manifest itself. Vane is a name to come together under. I wrote the life of Sam Adams, the main agent in splitting England and America apart. I am glad, also, to write the life of Vane, under whose name we may come together again."

THE Congregational ministers of this city at their meeting last Monday halted and divided over a resolution of sympathy with Mrs. Beecher in the hour of her great sorrow. They hesitated lest it might either endanger somehow their own doctrinal reputation, or threaten the truth of the doctrines themselves. Still the *humanities* overlay the *divinities*, and the heart of Congregationalism is bigger than its theology. In the light of history, no one can doubt which will finally triumph. The time will come when these would-be exponents of Jesus, who withhold the hand of sympathy on the brink of an open grave, until they settle the theological bearings of that hand grasp, will be ashamed of themselves; or at least, when a loving church will be ashamed of them.

"YESTERDAY, when at work at my desk, I heard my little four-year-old boy singing in the nursery, 'For the Truth and the Right and the Love.' Over and over sounded the refrain, till the older children caught it, and at last the whole chorus sounded through the house. Yes, you were right in thinking we needed these songs. I thought not at first. But we have only been singing them here a little while, and every one is catching them. I find them a great help in new congregations, as at Rock Rapids." This word from a fellow-worker out in the field, referring to our revised "Moody and Sankey" song-tract, the one called "Love to God and Love to Man," and containing forty-seven songs adapted to revival tunes. It is No. 28 in the "Unity Mission" series of tracts. Five cents sent to this office for it will perhaps set *your* nursery, your Sunday afternoon circle, your little home-church around the piano, *chorusing*.

MR. SIMMONS, of Minneapolis, has been preaching on Tennyson's last poem. Reported by the local paper, he says: "Tennyson's dark fancies and fears for society are corrected by facts, and Gladstone wisely says that the poem is 'purely subjective' and does 'not deal with the outside world at all.' To the poet's picture of children soaking 'soul and sense in city slime,' the ex-premier replies that 'for one such child now there were ten, perhaps twenty, fifty years back.' Tennyson's grim figure of attics where 'the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor' must be modified by the fact that such are passing away; and I recently read in the *London Lancet* the surprising statement of Sir T. Spencer Wells, president of the sanitary congress, that the average duration of human life in Great Britain had apparently increased about fifty per cent. in the last half century. To the poet's lines about the human brutes of to-day we will assent, and remember how recently the spectators of a prize-fight in Minneapolis were described as the largest gathering under one roof here; but we will also remember the worse times, when even parliament adjourned to honor the champion of England with a public reception.

"In the midst of our temperance reform this winter, it is also encouraging to look back to the last century, when in Virginia even clergymen often got drunk; and Parton

says the best Christian in New England saw nothing wrong in buying negroes for rum and selling them for West India molasses to make rum to buy some more. To Tennyson's picture of the workers' wrongs must be added Mr. Giffen's proofs of their improvements, too, and their worst wrongs to-day seem small compared with those we saw in France a century ago, where so many starving millions still pay three-fourths of their taxes to support the luxuries and vices of the nobility. To Tennyson's question, 'When was an age so crammed with madness, menace, lies?' history can calmly answer, 'Never so little so as now.' Better than even in the first 'Locksley Hall' do we see that 'the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.' And, in view of the growing desire for international peace and arbitration, which even the British Gladstone admits, we can have undue faith that all battle flags are yet to be 'furled in the parliament of man, the federation of the world.' Even religious animosities are lessening. The new poem says, with most stinging satire:

'Christain love among the churches
Looked the twain of heathen hate.'

"But we can reply that it looks less so to-day, and that the most evangelical churches are giving promise that they will yet become Christian, and dissolving all bigotry in the universal brotherhood, will see that among the heathen, also, love is the true religion."

M. J. SAVAGE has recently bloomed into a three-column poem, which was published in the Boston *Sunday Globe* of February 27. It is an answer to the poem of James Russell Lowell, published in the *Atlantic* of February. It is written in an easy, lilting style, which may disturb the guardians of "form" and the "Superintendents of Verse Making." But these lines are crowded with good sense, which necessarily is good philosophy and good religion. No literary power, or acquired prestige and fame, justifies a false note of the spirit, and when Tennyson or Lowell miss the serious intentions of this very serious age, they ought not to be allowed to go unchallenged. Mr. Savage has succeeded beyond any man in our fellowship in reducing the best thought and latest science of to-day into the vernacular of common life. These lines of his are just in that direction. We hope to see them circulated as a campaign document. The following are the closing lines:

Behind us is the dawn; before
The day is broadening to morne;
And man, the child of all the past,
Approaches man's estate at last.
"Now are we sons of God!" nor see
But glimpses of the yet to be—
The glory that shall come to birth
When man's at one with God on earth!
Then, Lowell, let thy latest lay
Be not a wail of dying day;
But let us hear thy bugle-horn
Ring welcome to the rising morn.

EVERY live church has a face of its own, like a person, and its Year Book is the annual photograph. The 1887 picture of Charles Ames's Philadelphia society, just received, tells of a year of earnest living and high thinking. Here is a hint or two for all of us: "Our building has been in use during the year 199 times, besides the free kindergarten's daily sessions,"—one half the kindergartner's salary being paid by the church. "A congregation must learn to do its own singing or be ashamed of itself," so twenty-two persons have become the choir to lead the way. "Thirty-four children, each bringing permission from the parents, joined the new temperance society." Philadelphia is nearly without free libraries, so the church has made a small beginning in this direction. 700 volumes, uniformed in red jackets by the young folks and duly cross-catalogued, are three or four times a week made free to all: "Number of persons drawing books, 215; many of them hard-worked people of little leisure." Perhaps, as with the free kindergartens started in private corners but just taken by that city into its school-system, this corner book-shelf may prove an acorn to a public oak. One of the best features of this Year Book is the dozen pages

wherein some best bits from the preacher's sermons of 1886 are put past forgetting. We hope to enrich our paper with some of these fragments, and in another column print what is said about the Church Covenant.

Ethical Culture.

In ethics people are taught, not by what is told them of virtue and its consequences and rewards, present, temporal, eternal; they are taught by what, in various ways, they are brought to feel. Feelings, the sort of permanent emotions that we call convictions, principles, are produced chiefly through experiences. "Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," saith the ancient proverb; and it is ever more nearly true the larger we make the proportion of fools to the entire population. Seldom, if ever, are abiding convictions formed through knowledge that is communicated by word, written or spoken, however deeply reflected upon or philosophically considered. Moral education is, therefore, a matter of the life; it includes all that goes to the formation of character. In the phrase, "placing children under good influences," we have a word of wisdom that is worth far more than all the modern talk about the necessity of teaching morality in the public schools, worth more than a good deal that we hear in regard to ethical culture. Morality is taught in the public schools, no doubt, and in the street cars, also; in the dry-goods stores, everywhere where people associate together. But does any one imagine that he can improve the morality of people to any great degree, that he can educate people into virtue through instructing them in regard to what is right and what is wrong, and why people should do thus, and should not do so? It is a vain conclusion, an unfruitful fallacy, how vain and unfruitful we might be convinced by visiting our jails and state's prisons. We would there find people from almost every rank in life, and every one of them with abundant knowledge of all the central principles of ethics which they have transgressed. If a shorthand writer should take down from their lips their real beliefs in regard to ethics, and should sift and average these, he would have a very fair code of morals. What these people have lacked is not knowledge of morality, but the sort of training in life's experiences that reconciles to God, that makes satisfied with right living, that establishes the empire of righteousness, the kingdom of God, in the heart. Such training may be assisted in some small measure by the word fitly spoken in some crisis of experience, but there is nothing so likely to be effectual as the example of those admired, loved, looked up to, as worthy of imitation. Association with good people is the nine-tenths of moral training; admonition, preaching, the one-tenth, or some smaller proportion. This is why a church is so much the better sort of society for ethical culture. The influence of a church is largely through the religious feelings that are fostered there, through association, example, through their expression in music, ceremony, sermon and prayer. We believe religion to be a great reality. If it is a reality at all it is a great reality; even if it is a delusion it is something of a real thing still. Many delusions in the past have been mingled with religious faith and feeling, yet beneath all we believe there lie the deeper realities of our nature. Believing this, we cannot be indifferent in regard to them, nor fail to see the wide gulf that separates the religious society, or the Christian Church, from a society formed for ethical culture that excludes religious methods and ignores religious motives. The heartiest of fellowship should surely exist, should be cultivated, between churches and societies for ethical culture; they should in every way bid each other Godspeed, as working for the same ends. But this is not accomplished nor helped by forgetting the very real differences between the two. We believe in our methods and are upholding them firmly and conscientiously. To some of us it seems clear that ethical culture cannot be much promoted by

admonition and instruction alone. It is with the heart man believes unto righteousness, and the heart is cultivated through the religious emotions, through church and family life, and all its associations. To leave religion and religious association out of the account is to cut off one of the most important factors of all higher ethical culture. U.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Thirty Thousand.

TO E. B. C.

Eighty years old on Dec. 9, 1886.

"Thirty thousand," said the Fates,
Mixers of the days to be,
As she passed the mystic gates,
Little Quaker baby she!

Thirty thousand days and nights—
That the dower with which she came;
All their sounds and all their sights
Vested in the tiny dame.

Thirty thousand dawns to print
Junes, Octobers, on the lands!
Title-deeds to every tint
Brought she in her rosy hands.

Thirty thousand flocks of stars
Pastured in the upper skies,
Sun-sets for their pasture-bars;
Title-deeds were in her eyes.

And a thousand moons had she
In her right of royal breath.
Ah, the *dues* they laid on thee,
Dainty Queen Elizabeth!

Price is high for royal dowers;
Thee must *earn* thy golden state;
Spend-thrift gods fling out the hours,
Miser gods keep count and weight.

Day and night and night and day,
One by one, as moments flee:
Lady of the Yea and Nay,
Thou *hast* earned thy queenerie!

Earned it as a noble should,
Dauntless, tireless, gentle-strong;
Giving Yea to every good,
Daring Nay to every wrong.

Thou dost leave a sweeter earth,
Less of poison, less of fen,
By thy precedent of worth
Stablished in the world's Amen.

Thou art part of all uplift:
One tint brighter rises morn
Henceforth, ever,—that thy gift
To each child that shall be born.

Not in calendars thy fame,
But secrete in happy prayer;
Men shall bless thee—not by name—
Thanking God for daily care.

"Thirty thousand," said the Fate:
But who draw the royal breath
Into *lives* the "days" translate,—
Quaker Queen Elizabeth!

W. C. G.

The Teaching of George Eliot's Novels.

George Eliot's "hopeless novels!" This is the verdict we so often hear. Miss Woolson's estimate, admirable as it is in many ways, declares that her heroines never reach their ideals, and hence are disappointing. But that seems a superficial view only that pronounces these great works hopeless. And those who are disappointed in her heroines, because they are not let to reach their ideals, lose sight of the great good they do reach—that good which is of the highest value to us struggling human beings.

People clamor for successful endings to novels; if these are not had, they declare the novelist fails. They want to see something tangible accomplished. They fail to see above the material wreck a spiritual consummation, priceless beyond any other attainment. People really have not gotten far enough ahead of the novels where heroes come out of some tremendous dilemma, crowned with worldly glory, and happy in the possession of a beautiful bride and a great fortune. Their spiritual discernment is not clear enough, as yet, for them to see that any such success is a low success compared to what may be, and that a truly "hopeful" novel may leave the hero reviled of men, forsaken by love and fortune, or the heroine with her high ideals yet unattained.

There is one great lesson the individual is set in this world especially to learn: to attain victory over self, to curb selfishness and learn to live for others. Herein lies his greatest development; and we are developing creatures. George Eliot has chosen to set her heroines amidst the most painful situations, places more calculated than any battle-field to "try men's souls;" but can any one of them be pointed at as having failed to achieve that great victory of self-conquest? Every species of anguish is dealt out to them—the ingratitude and faithlessness of kindred, idols supposed to be made of pure gold disclosed as only of basest clay, the forcing of a sensitive soul to see day by day base living, yes, to be a partial partaker of it, to that soul's supreme disgust,—indeed her special effort seemed to be to choose those forms of pain most pervasive to the spirit and hardest to be borne. To make the situation more effective, women not of the strongest type are chosen thus to suffer.

Charlotte Brontë took the lofty-spirited, self-determined woman as her heroine. She suffers, and our sympathies are acutely enlisted; yet we know that she will be given the courage to endure, and will herself rise supreme to all obstacles whatever they may be. Therefore a sense of exaltation blends with our sympathy. This heroine of Charlotte Brontë conveys the highest lesson. We see what this conscious purpose to overcome, to do right though the heavens fall and we with them, can do. We, too, would be self-determined.

George Eliot's heroine, by nature, is of a more yielding, clinging type. She is one we instinctively love and long to help. With her it is, she *would* be much, not that she *will* be much. While Charlotte Brontë's heroine is often a force to mould circumstance, George Eliot's is moulded by it. Hence our hearts are wrenched at the exhibition of her sufferings, and instead of the lofty certainty that she will conquer, we cry in despair, How can she survive?

George Eliot's heroines are true to the larger class of women. Few, as yet, have learned self-dependence. Hence she has many readers; and while Jane Eyre, so far as kindredship to them is concerned, may be as far off as Hypatia or Zenobia, Maggie Tulliver and Dorothea Brooke are very near. In the life of one of these, the reader lives again her own life, meets her trials as shrinkingly, saddens with her disappointments, and with as impotent hands stretches out for the good she sees, but which forever eludes her. The sweet woman who finds life to be this!

Would that this living woman could but catch the lesson George Eliot with her unerring powers portrayed. Not in vain were the trials and disappointments, not fruitless this shattering of idols, loss of faith, withdrawal of every support that clinging nature demanded.

"I shall not die," cried Gwendolen in her hour of anguish, and though we are given no further vision of her, we know

that we leave her a truer, greater woman than when we found her. Maggie's last act was her truest and bravest; what, then, if the pitiless waters did go over her? Romola! How many must have risen up to call her blessed! Sweet, womanly, beloved Dorothea, if her lot became that "common" lot of the ordinary wife and mother, is it so much less than that of the saint who would suffer in order that many may be saved? Surely modern science shows us what a force is the home to be in the amelioration of mankind. If all woman's endeavors outside the home are not in reality to help make that a more perfect institution, then they might as well be left unattempted. To the higher success that was granted Dorothea, "to suffer and be strong," was added the other, to be the beloved wife and true mother.

George Eliot shows us the spiritual growth of her heroines. She leaves them fuller and richer in character than when she took them. Sadder? The process sometimes brings sadness, but if growth results, shall we say sadder? When mastery of self is attained, does there not come something greater even than happiness? During the struggle we see the sorrow; after it we know there must be peace, else it were better not to grow!

Are such lessons "hopeless"? To those who understand not the consummation, they certainly are. But to those who perceive what has been won, they speak the highest kind of hope. We remember Gwendolen with her youthful ambitions, wayward desires, uncontrollable spirit, and we know her at last as the chastened woman who will "live" that she may help others. Is that hopeless? Whoever says yes, must demand that she should have married Daniel Deronda, or that some flaw in Grandcourt's "settlement" be discovered, and she left in complete possession of his property, or that she developed a talent for the stage!

That book is not hopeless that leaves the reader assured that the characters are spiritually passing upward and onward. Humanity has not progressed far enough for the mass of individuals to come into possession of this inheritance except through the thorny road of suffering. Those who find fault with George Eliot's "succession of misfortunes," must find fault with the world as she found it. She read the secret of life but too truly, but her teachings are not without hope. On the contrary they are full of hope. Whoever can show us that pain, and disappointment, and loss, and blight, are not blind forces to crush us, but means toward our spiritual development, he is our faithful, wise helper, and *hope* is the very feeling with which he has inspired us. Let those who decry the hopeless element in George Eliot's books examine their own creed of life and see in what it consists. Possibly they may find that the Philistine's doctrine has crept in, unaware. In "Middlemarch," Caleb Garth is made to say—these are not the exact words—"I hold that no man has a greater opportunity than this, to have it in his power to make more hopeful the condition of many of his fellow beings." Through her great gifts, George Eliot had just this opportunity through teaching them the truth. But it may be that not until later in this generation will her readers' eyes become unsealed to the fact.

There is a further popular misconception that is almost amusing. Why are her novels so hopeless? is asked, and the answer is given, Because she had no religion!

George Eliot had a religion, though, so far as we know, it was confined by its practical workings to this life. With her religion as duty, "stern and unyielding duty," and her creed "Love ye one another;" she recognized that Law that abideth in all things, and paid reverent homage to it. No religion, when her life was a consecration to truth? More and more we are learning that religion consists not so much in belief, as in life. If religion be the "tie that binds man to God," what constitutes that "tie"? Surely a loving devotion to the welfare of his fellow man. "Most of all," said George Eliot once, "I desire to influence young men." She wrote her novels for the good they might do. And if her religion did not embrace an hereafter, she certainly tried to live like one who had begun an immortal existence. We who declare our faith in that life, must certainly admit that there was a majesty in her attitude the believer can never attain; for she taught

and gave a divine obedience to that Law the world manifests, even though great suffering became involved, without the consolation that all will be righted in the hereafter. Added grandeur is given to the teaching, when Duty is thus taught.

To some, George Eliot appears at her highest here. Is it not comparatively easy for the seer, with his eyes fixed on the stars, to say, "What of your ills and woes? they are but of a day. Bear them; live the good, though even greater privation is thine; for thou art infinite." But she! She had not her eyes on the stars; she watched the unceasing round of the weary earth, and knew the wretchedness and loss of her kind. Yet she said, as peremptorily as Wordsworth or Emerson, Do thy duty! As she was a woman, with the clinging nature of her own heroines, the spectacle became sublime. The lesson, through the very conditions of its giving, becomes all the more imperative. The world needed it. It needed authority uttered from the simple plane of this life, and not clothed with insights into the everlasting life of the beyond. If we are moved by the thought of the solace denied her, we glow with the recollection that she had greatness enough to teach the lesson; we trust it may not be long before the world at large sees it in its truth; and all the lessons she taught, so that her unselfish prayer is granted, and she indeed

"May join the choir invisible
Whose glory is the gladness of the world."

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

How we Got the Temperance Society in the Church.

A STORY OF WHAT MIGHT BE.

"How did you get that Temperance Society going in your church? Unitarians aren't good at such things."

"It wasn't hard. First, six of us, who *wanted* it, talked together. Then we sent out written invitations to thirty friends to meet and discuss the resolutions passed at the National Unitarian Conference in 1884, taking care to include some bright people who would be sure to object to them. The resolutions read:

Resolved, That, under all the conditions of modern society, we believe that nothing short of a total disuse of intoxicating beverages can serve as a sure means of abolishing and preventing the miseries and evils of intemperance.

Resolved, That, since it is agreed on all sides that such beverages form no part of a necessary diet for men and women in health, we affectionately call on those who may regard their moderate use as innocent to give up such use, out of compassion for their weaker brethren."

"And were they well discussed?"

"Until 11 o'clock that night! That was advertisement for us. People began to talk about 'That Temperance debate of yours.' The next week we sent out a printed invitation, inviting all interested in forming a Temperance Society on an open basis to meet and *continue that debate*. The basis read as follows:

The purpose of this society shall be to work for the cause of temperance in whatever ways may seem to it wise and right; to study the social problems of poverty, crime and disease in their relation to the use of intoxicating drinks, and to diffuse whatever knowledge may be gained; to discuss methods of temperance reform; to devise and, so far as possible, to execute plans for practical reform; to exert, by its meetings and by its membership, such influence for good as by the grace of God it may possess."

"What, a Temperance Society without total abstinence, and without a pledge?"

"No total abstinence nor pledge *required*,—neither one made condition of membership. The invitation expressly said that; but it added, 'All who like the pledge-way will be free to use it.'"

"Well?"

"Well, eighty persons came that second time,—a dozen young men, strangers to us, who had heard of it, among them. And again we had taken care to have both views well represented, so there was a brisk debate. Things were kept earnest and friendly—no *mere* arguing. Both sides talked as people interested in temperance, and the idea was kept well to the surface that both sides could unite in tem-

perance effort. That idea seemed to please it somehow; worked to make us all open-minded and fair to the opposite view. It *sobered* us to start with, and that was already a temperance gain."

"And what was the result?"

"That nearly all the eighty wanted to join a temperance society formed on that basis, and of the eighty, forty-seven favored total abstinence."

"And you all agreed to work together in real equality?"

"Yes. And then the pledge-question came up for us 'totals' to decide for ourselves."

"Right there, in that same meeting?"

"Certainly. The 'non-totals' sat by listening and smiling and evidently interested, as we tackled our conundrum. Some of us didn't want any pledge: if *real*, it gave a chronic feeling of bondage; and often it was *not* real, was lightly broken,—and so on. True enough, as we all knew. Three or four seemed to take it for granted that the only possible form of pledge was a *life*-pledge. But a little talk brought out a general feeling that life-pledges were unwise, because they bound one to-day to action ten, twenty, fifty years hence, however much his opinions might have changed meanwhile; and there was a very strong feeling on the part of some that for us to encourage or even allow the *children* to take such life-pledges was absolutely wrong. So before long the talk came down to a choice between two forms of *time*-pledge,—one for a definite period, say a year—the other a card-pledge, to expire whenever one chose to give back his card to the society. On the whole, the former seemed the cleanest, honestest, freest way of doing the thing. It left least temptation open on the 'breaking' side, for that formal card-surrender might not be a very pleasant or convenient business. And an annual pledge-renewal, some one suggested, might be made the occasion of a sort of festival and a new impression of our purpose on ourselves and on the public. Finally we all decided—we 'totals,' I mean—on a *one-year's pledge of total abstinence, with annual renewals*."

"And how did you take the pledge? How did you arrange things for the 'non-totals'?"

"With them, not *for* them. We did it very easily and pleasantly. That 'purpose' or 'basis' I spoke of was written in a book, and under it these words:

"We, whose names are written here, unite for the purpose set forth above. And as a means of promoting these objects, those of us who put the letter A against our names agree to abstain, through one year from the date of signature, from drinking wine, beer, cider, or other alcoholic drinks, except as medicine."

"And then all signed, some with the A and some without?"

"Just so."

"How many altogether?"

"Sixty-eight."

"And how many A's among them?"

"Fifty-two."

"Why, you said that only forty-seven favored total abstinence; did more come in?"

"No, but five came *over*. The whole spirit was so fair and equal, and so earnest, that five more said, 'All right, we'll go in with you for a year, anyway.'"

"And I suppose the original 'six' winked at each other then?"

"Not visibly, but on comparing notes afterwards we found that we had all winked *inside*. Of course we were glad."

"How could you let *tobacco* alone?"

"Both anti-tobacco and the 'White Cross' work were spoken of; the 'Band of Mercy' pledge, too. And some one suggested grouping all the four things in a 'Bond of Self-Control.' We decided to limit the *pledge* to Temperance, however, and call ourselves a Temperance Society. But the society has taken such a broad name, the 'True Helpers,' and adopted two such broad mottoes,—'On Honor' and 'For their Sake,'—that almost any good cause of purity or chivalry practically belongs to us. Our 'True Helpers' are becoming a kind of *Public Spirit Society*, especially among the young folks of the church."

"How about *them*, the children? Do they form a separate branch, or join right in with you older ones?"

"Right in with us on the *Book*. We wanted to be together there. In several cases the father, the mother, and a child or two, signed in a group. It seemed to catch both ways,—the parents interested for the children's sake, the children interested because the parents were. But the children have a separate set of officers to some extent, and have special charge of certain meetings. We have two rules: no child under eight years old can sign the pledge; and no child can join without bringing the parents' consent on a consent-card furnished them. That binds the home and church together in this influence. The card says:

"We fully consent that our children (names and ages given) should join the 'True Helpers' Temperance Society; and we will assist them in keeping their promises to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as beverages."

"What did the boys say to your *cider*-clause?"

"It made them *think*. It made the joining *mean* something to them. And doubtless it kept out some. But the others soon saw that *that* was the one bit of self-sacrifice about it—that that was all that made it 'for *their* sake.' And one of them made a song which they were singing all October, 'Not a drop of the cider more.'"

"You spoke of meetings: what do you do at them?"

"The society has four regular meetings a year, one every three months. Two of these are right in Sunday-school, taking the place of the usual session on those days; and the 'True Helper' children have special charge of these meetings, partly arranging their own programmes of recitations, songs, tableaux, and inviting the 'True Helper' *old* folks as 'honorable members.' They are given reserved seats, and then the other fathers and mothers are allowed to crowd the room. The teachers help, of course; perhaps one of them makes a short talk or shows a chemical experiment. For the *service* part we use one of the four new Temperance Services, with songs to Sunday-school tunes that all know; they come in a cheap pamphlet. The children really make a very good time of their two meetings."

"And about the other two?"

"Those we elders take in charge, alternating with the children's. Our mid-year meeting is perhaps a lecture—Mrs. Livermore came once, Prof. Weitbrecht and Dr. Richardson once, and once the Chief of Police and the Warden of the State's Prison spoke to us of what they knew about the saloon question. We make it something worth coming to; advertise it well, and the church fills full. And this time the *child* 'True Helpers' are all there in reserved seats as the 'honorable members.' Then the fourth meeting is the Festival, the Renewal meeting, when we again sign the book for another year of work,—some with the A, and some without. The society, both sides of it, grows larger; and some of those most interested are persons not otherwise connected with the church. We welcome all. One of the 'services' I spoke of just now is arranged on purpose for a festival. A short report for the year is read, and perhaps special reports of work needing to be done in town. The agent for the Associated Charities made a very effective speech at last year's festival."

"You speak of your *work*, but what work do you do?"

"Not very much, it must be confessed. But simple membership, this standing publicly for temperance, means *something*. The 'True Helpers' *weigh* in our church, and the church weighs more in the community for having it. Still, a little real work is done. Our members are active in the 'Law and Order League' and in the 'Coffee and Reading Room' down town, and in the 'Newsboys' Parlor.' For next November they are talking with the minister about a temperance month of meetings,—four Sunday evenings in succession to be given to the subjects: 'Alcohol in a Bottle,' 'Alcohol in a Man,' 'Alcohol in the Home,' and 'Alcohol in Society.' And the children's branch have had a good thought: each three months they take up some special thing to do, plan it, raise the money for it—out of us, if they can't get it by their 'Fair' and their 'Dramatic'—*do* it, and report upon it. For instance, in summer they keep an *ice water barrel* full in front of the church. The car-drivers know our street as the 'ice-water route' and it is a sight to see the tin-pail brigade, about six o'clock, stop for their

drinks. The little men and women make all the arrangements themselves with the ice men, who are so pleased that the fifty pounds a day given is near a hundred. One of the boys fills the barrel regularly twice a day; for his work and superintendence—he is ‘captain of the barrel’—the children pay him forty cents a week. Then, in the fall three months, they see to the Thanksgiving baskets and the Christmas gifts for six families we know—victims of some one’s drink. In winter they adopt a baby, a temperance baby, and see that that baby is warm all winter long with clothes on its back and coal in the stove. And so on; each meeting sees a definite thing done and a definite thing laid out to do next. That has helped a great deal to make it all a *real* and *lasting* interest to the children. Some of us feared at first that it would be hard to keep up interest. We have found it just the other way: it grows more real to them.”

“Isn’t your church rather exceptional in having men and women for such work?”

“Not a bit exceptional, just a good fair average. But to try such work, earnest trying helps of course to *make* the men and women for it. Only you must have six to start it—six who really *want* it.”

“That’s it. We haven’t got the six in our church, ready-made.”

“Then *one* will do!”

“But if we haven’t one!”

“Then make him!”

“Who make him?”

“You!”

The above is a little more than “a story of what might be,” after all. For something *like* this is beginning to be in our Unitarian churches. At the last National Conference in Saratoga (September, 1886), the “Unitarian Church Temperance Society” was formed on the general “basis” above reported. The constitution says: “The office of the Central Society shall be simply advisory to the Branch Societies; and no vote passed shall be binding upon, or in any way interfere with, the work of these Branch Societies.” On this general basis some twenty branch societies have already freely organized themselves in our churches, some in one way, and some in another—“the first one reporting from Maine, the second from Pennsylvania, the third from Kansas, the next from Wisconsin,” and so on. It is hoped that as many more will be formed before mid-May, and that all will co-operate with each other to the extent of sending by that time a report of methods and successes to the Secretary of the central organization. In Anniversary week a meeting of the society will be held in Boston, to which each branch can send two delegates.

The Executive Board has lately issued an admirable pamphlet full of practical recommendations, telling how to organize, what to do at meetings, what such a society can do in a town, what publications and working-tools will help and where to get these. Our “story” above embodies many of these hints, but those interested should send to the secretary for the pamphlet, and for the address by the president, Christopher R. Eliot, called “Temperance Work in Unitarian Churches: Why? What? How?” Both are sent free. Cards of membership, etc., are furnished very cheaply; and the Four Services, called respectively “Self-Control,” “Self-Sacrifice,” “Temperance,” and “the City of God” (the last the Festival Service), will soon be ready. The secretary’s address is REV. J. L. MARSH, WINCHESTER, MASS.

In the fifty odd churches of the Western Conference can we not report fifty odd branches of the Temperance Society?

W. C. G.

Picture Reform in Sunday-school.

It is true that the age is a good deal as Carlyle represented it, in need of reform. But to bark and bite at all the crudities and errors of our social life, to write bitter criticism about men and women who differ from us, to put up ourselves as the invariable standard of all excellence, is the pitiful attitude of a cynic. We ought to be kind and good in all our attempts to tear down and destroy forms of religious, social

and political life which are opposed to what may be called the higher test of knowledge, utility and beauty, and give the grieved thousands that nobler faith which will meet every exigency of life. There is a reaper whose name is Reason, who with his keen sickle is cutting down all the intellectual weeds which have choked the flowers of noble manhood and womanhood, and is giving our civilization a large field in which to grow plenteously and bear abundantly without the taint of poison.

This reaper has made his appearance in the Sunday-school. The lesson sheets are not so dogmatic as they used to be when every page was well illumined by the fires of hell. We sing sweeter and more practical songs—those touching the experiences of life and reaching out with lingering compassion after the beggar’s child and the poor orphan. Sometimes, in Brooklyn, the orthodox Sunday-schools quarrel if the liberal schools happen to lead in the annual processions; but a H. W. Beecher scolds the officers and rebukes the teachers, and the conservative churches feel ashamed.

But yet in many Sunday-schools we see hints of superstition in the pictures which are hung about the rooms. Jesus is represented as a god, and little children wonder why he looks so terribly provoked. They wish to think of him as a friend, loving them and saying to them as he kisses them, “Of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Big gaudy chromos they see on the walls representing Jesus on the cross, but they, in their weakness, perhaps, think of him as in the fields, playing with them and saying, “Consider the lilies of the fields or the fowls of the air.” Then they wonder what all those mediæval pictures are, of angels flying and demons with forks. They are afraid of that portrait of some one the teacher says is God, and they want to go home to a loving mother. Now these things are not exaggerations, and one’s mind is certainly refreshed by attending the school-rooms of some of our more conservative churches. If Jesus is to be the ideal of children, let us represent him as loving them, as their friend, as being one who teaches us of a God who dwells not in a house made with hands, but who is a power working in laws of righteousness to help them to be happy. Let us hang upon the walls pictures of happy children sharing with each other their sweet-meats, leading a blind man across the street, kicking a banana peeling from the sidewalk, washing dishes, helping sick Nellie into the carriage, or carrying mother’s bundles. Let us put on the walls the pictures of birds and flowers, of good men: Longfellow, Channing, Luther, Whittier and Florence Nightingale. Then we shall give the superintendent a material help, as necessary as the lesson to the children. And when the rooms are prettily furnished, we shall have, even in this generation, grand Sunday-schools, because they are more inviting than the toy or doll the children love so well.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

George Eliot’s Ideals in Real Life.

“Aren’t the ideals of George Eliot too high for realization?” was asked of Rev. J. Lloyd Jones last week, and his answer came promptly, “Why no, they are beaten in Quincy every day.” And quickly to our mind came the image of a young woman whose life history had recently come to our knowledge. When she was a little girl the home of hard-earned labor was mortgaged for one thousand dollars in the interest of a reckless and dissipated brother. After a little time, the brother and the money gone, the mother and several young daughters set themselves to work to support the family and clear the home of this mortgage. The girl of our thought, then but eleven years old, milked a cow and walked miles each day, poorly clad and in all sorts of weather, to carry milk to customers. And this was but the beginning of years of bitterest drudgery. Penny by penny, by washing, house-cleaning, carpet-beating—labor that bent the back and wore the fingers to the bone, was the family kept together, and the money, with its accumulated interest, paid dollar by dollar. This girl had no childhood, no school days. There was no bright ribbon on her hat, no ease or gayety in her youth. Subjected at times to rough words and sensual looks, which

she could not resent save in her pure and honest heart, she had no time for friend or lovers. Putting aside with stern hand the natural pleasures and hopes of girlhood, she bent every thought and energy to her task, and early and late, finding no work too hard or rough, she toiled on, not for one year or two, but for eleven long years, allowing herself but the barest necessities of life. Always polite and kind, with quick sympathies and natural humor, she has made no complaints, has asked no grain of help, for she is as proud as Lucifer, but has gone on her weary way without the thought occurring to her that she could do otherwise than she has done. The single purpose of helping the home people, of saving the home, has ruled her life. The hope that the servitude was nearly over, that if she worked harder than ever the last payment on the mortgage could be made in a few months, was more than tense nerves and tired muscles could bear, and while a few bitter tears were brushed shamedly from her tired face, the writer learned the repressed longings, the passionate protests, the full history of the years that heretofore had been known but in part. The composed figure with its shrewd gray eyes and sensible face is familiar to not a few, but how many even imagine that beneath the plain shawl beats a physically strained heart that has carried self-denial and renunciation—though she probably would not use these words—almost beyond the power of endurance.—*Quincy Optic.*

Our Covenant.

FROM THE 1887 YEAR BOOK OF THE SPRING GARDEN UNITARIAN SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

In his recent book entitled "The Chautauqua Movement," Rev. Dr. Vincent describes in prophetic vision the religion of the future as it will be embodied in a Holy Catholic Church, where believing souls of all denominations will bend at a common altar and become "one at that sacred shrine where the Christ of humanity is exalted and his spirit imparted." He adds, "Their motto shall be, '*In the freedom of Truth, and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man.*'" This language was first publicly used in 1881, when it was adopted as the Covenant of our Society. It has since been taken, in substance, as a basis of union or as a motto, by ten or more congregations, widely scattered, including some of the oldest and largest in New England. They seem to have shared our desire for something simple, brief, positive, inclusive, unmistakable; something exactly in a line with what is best in all churches, all religions, and all souls, but which should impose no yoke of human authority, and put no obstruction in the pathway of progress.

This is our aim: To make fast at the center to the universal verities of religion, yet leaving every mind perfectly free;—to secure the benefits of union and fellowship, yet setting up no binding standard of beliefs;—to revere the wise and good of all ages, and to welcome instruction and help from past and present, yet calling no man master;—to keep open-minded to all holy and helpful influences from seen or unseen sources, yet proving all things by the light of reason and experience;—to become a home, school and workshop of humanity and righteousness, yet not confounding our own imperfect organization with that Kingdom of God which is wide enough to include all faithful souls.—*Charles G. Ames.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Practical Piety. Four discourses delivered at Central Music Hall Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 30 cents.

This is not lute-music, nor choir-chant, nor the priestly intone of sacred psalm; but the quick sharp ring of the bugle that wheels the ranks into battle-front before instant danger.

The student of literature will note the clarion ring of the closing sentences in each sermon. There are four sermons in all in this little book of sixty clear-typed pages,

Fortunate are those to whom the living voice bore the glowing sentences; but stripped of the charm of personal delivery—which may sometimes make a poor thought seem a fairly good one—the ideas burn with a living fire that warms heart and brain, and incites to do and dare. It is this *ringing* quality which makes these sermons eminently fit for a crowded Music Hall, with its subtle play of electricity between speaker and audience; the very stragglers and camp-followers in this march of life, hearing these trumpet-calls, must feel even their jaded souls stirred to join in the "rush to the front."

Small as the book is, here is the strength of a dozen classics boiled down and put into portable form—like that tiny jar of Liebig's Extract which holds sufficient beef essence to keep alive an Arctic traveler a fortnight. Here is a "Holy Living" which makes certain a holy dying; a "*De Imitatione Christi*," which leads the soul out from chill cloister and dark cell into the free air and sunshine; a "Saints' Rest," which proves conclusively that

"Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere."

Here is a *piety* that means *practice*; the religion of everyday life—Religion, who walks no longer in her silver slippers, but, in worn sandals of the wayfarer, journeys with us along the dusty highway of our work-a-day world.

It is curious, too, to note how inevitably earnestness of thought results in the perfection of literary style. If "the obscurely uttered is the obscurely thought," here is proof that clear thinking leads to eloquence of speech—there is not a platitude, a forced metaphor, a dull sentence in these pages. To those who have not read his previous words we may say: Here is the latest thought of the age, the last results of all science, the deepest truths in all poetry, the highest aspiration of all souls, past and present—passed through the alembic of a thoroughly well-balanced mind, freed from all that is superfluous, and reduced to the compact form fitted for the trim, soldierly bundle which is all we can afford to carry in our forced march from the cradle to the grave.

Who shall dare, in the face of the pulpit literature of the last decade, repeat the old taunts: "Liberalism has no beliefs," "Unitarians are coldly intellectual"? Our day of negations is done; our affirmations thunder through the land. Reason goes hand in hand with fervor, logic sweeps unconsciously into rhythm, the theologian is transformed into the seer and the prophet.

A. W. B.

LITERATURE, even more than science, is destructive of sectarianism. It is cosmopolitan. It appeals to universal sympathies, and it reflects the wants and aspirations of the cosmopolitan. The literary club and the literary worker are to-day bringing together in most fraternal fellowship those of widely different theological sympathies. These thoughts have been suggested by an examination of Denton J. Snider's two-volume Commentary on Goethe's "Faust." The volumes are "Privately Printed," and are, we suspect, used chiefly as adjuncts to the class work and parlor lecturing, which Mr. Snyder has conducted so successfully in many of our cities. The sub-title is in itself a mind opener,—a Commentary on the Literary Bibles of the Occident." These volumes are helps where help is necessary. Fortunate is the class or the individual that by means of this help will find the life-expanding power of this great classic.

Susanna Wesley. By Eliza Clarke. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This well printed, neatly bound volume of some 300 pages is well worthy of its place in the "Famous Women" series. It is written with "the sympathetic admiration of one in whose veins runs some of her [Susanna Wesley's] blood," and is a valuable addition to the biographies of the

Wesleys. Mrs. Wesley's letters, of which about forty are given, are very interesting for the clear insight which they give us into the character of that noble, self-denying woman. Those written to her sons are full of good advice. In one full of good counsel addressed to her son John at Oxford, she writes this: "Believe me, dear son, old age is the worst time we can choose to mend either our lives or our fortunes. If the foundations of solid piety are not laid betimes in sound principles and virtuous dispositions, and if we neglect, while strength and vigor last, to lay up something ere the infirmities of age overtake us, it is a hundred to one odds that we shall die both poor and wicked." This is but one of many equally good sayings that are worthy of thought. The book will be warmly welcomed by all lovers of the Wesleys.

THE HOME.

A Granite Man.

The day Daisy slipped her hand into her mother's for a little walk over to Aunt Amy's and back, was a particularly sunny one and savored of coming spring-time.

"The park really begins to look like itself again," said mamma, "we can take our way through it this morning, my Daisy, instead of keeping to the street sidewalk."

In the center of the park stood the noble statue of a man whose life had blest many other lives with generous deeds. The two had almost passed it when Daisy suddenly dropped her mother's hand, turned back and threw herself against the pedestal of the statue; reaching up she gave a cordial hug to the granite toes of the mighty man, whispered hurriedly, took off her mitten to pat him gently, then sprang back, and looking up in his face, laughed a regular peal of a "we-understand-each-other" kind of greeting. Then, recollecting herself again, she slipped on her mitten and demurely trotted away. Her mother, who at first had walked slowly on, having turned to see what delayed her, was just in time to catch the friendly nod and laugh which closed the greeting.

"How is it that you and Mr. A— happen to be such good friends?"

"I dreamed a nice dream about him once, and I've always liked him ever since," Daisy declared with the utmost freedom, as if it were quite the natural thing. Then after a serious moment in which the dream was evidently creeping back into her mind, the infant philosopher added: "Really, you know, it must be very lonely for him to stand up there all the time and see everybody have such good times around him, while he can't come down himself nor go 'round the least little bit, and he's just as cold when you touch him!" "Yet you took off your mitten to pat him." "Yes, 'course he likes my warm hand best! I wouldn't like to say, 'scuse my mitten,' to him, as folks do about their gloves. Prob'ly he wouldn't mind, now its cold weather and he's so kind, but I like him 'nough to take it off. Last summer just on the side the sun was shining, he felt hot, and he looks shiny now on that side, but on the shady side he was cold and didn't shine; so I liked his shady side best hot days, and his sunny side cold days." "I remember looking from the window last summer, when you and the children were out, and I always liked to see you playing around the 'granite man;' you were pretty sure to be there, too. I remember wishing that the good man's spirit might in some unconscious way bless your dear little lives."

The face which Daisy turned up to her mother was glistening with interrogation points, but they were the kind which get their answers in some other way than words, for her expression took on a quiet satisfaction, and she returned to the talk of her last summer's playtime.

"It was just truly lonesome out there playing without Willie and Bess before I could go to school, until after I

got acquainted with the granite man. Then I liked him, so I didn't mind." "How did you get acquainted with him?" "Just trying to see how long I could stand it on his hot side one day. I'most baked! I was cross that day and didn't want to stay out anyway. I guess I was so uncomf'ble inside I tried to be so outside too. After I gived it up on the hot side I just curled all up on the grass 'round the shady side and went to sleep. That was when I dreamed he talked to me about his self." "Can you tell me what he said?" "Well,"—Daisy hesitated—"I can't tell it as the dream did. I guess he wouldn't mind if I only told my mother! But all I remember, truly, is how I liked him for being there, and how sorry I was he has to stand all alone; whether it's raining or not, winter and summer; no matter how many nice people come and look at him and think him so grand, or how many boys and girls play round and don't mind about him 'tall—he likes them best,—he knows of course he's only stone and must keep on looking away off over their heads same as the sculpture-man made him look. He can't have any of their nice love for himself, because he just stands there to mean something, and 'course they can't really love stone, you know. I felt like he was a new friend of mine, and every bit of the mad had gone out of me when I waked up."

It was curious how the child's chatter carried so much more to the mother's thought than Daisy herself could have understood. It comforted the mother to follow the little one's dream and fit her own thoughts to it. She remembered how both the shady and the sunny sides of any one who is compelled to stand firmly at a post through everything, yield protection and exposure by turns to the way-farer at his feet; how he must be with them yet not of them, and keep looking beyond. "Do you s'pose, mamma, he ever *will* come down?" Her thoughtful way of putting the question disclosed another glimpse of the dream, rather than any fear of the downfall of the statue. "He does come down to any one who thinks about him, as you and I know, for he has come very close to us, and I am sure we shall never lose him quite out of our lives now that he has entered into them." "But that is different from what stays up there." "Yes, different and yet the largest part of it, —*our* part of it, and the best for us. Surely it would be rather dreadful, especially for any one standing under, if the granite man himself should come down."

E. T. L.

A Word and a Deed.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Has cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath;
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

—Charles Mackay.

UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.

A Liberal and a Professional Faith.

A SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE CHURCH OF THE UNITY, ST. LOUIS, MO., FEBRUARY 27, 1887, BY REV. JOHN C. LEARNED.

Published by the Congregation.

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeded out of the mouth of God."—MATT. IV. 4.
 "Religion is the passion for all good."—W. M. SALTER.

When we speak of a liberal education we mean a broad, generous education, we refer to a course of study embracing many lines of research, making the mind many-sided and free. Ordinarily a liberal education has been associated with a college training; for the time was when in universities alone could men gain access to the stores of wisdom and knowledge gathered from all races and times. Then whoever had shared these unparalleled advantages stood superior to the less fortunate of his generation. He was larger-minded, clearer-sighted, better furnished with facts and the higher skill to use them. He knew what was to be known of science. He was familiar with several languages. He had followed down the great streams of human history. Nature with all its changes and its infinite variety had a meaning for him. Society was known to him in all past civilizations as well as in his own time. And what had been thought and said about God and his dealings with his children, as well as the laws of all substance and being, had some place in the furnishing of his mind.

To-day, valuable and even indispensable as the college still is, one may be liberally educated outside of college walls. Matthew Arnold tells us that culture means a knowledge of "the best that has been thought and said in the world." But the best is now fortunately within the reach of all. We need not longer try to read all works. It were still more vain and foolish to seek to know all that has been said and done. The best is all that is required, and the best is so little that any man in earnest can make it his own. What was in the dead languages has been translated into living languages. The press of our times places the great thoughts of all times in the very circles of our homes. The magazine and the newspaper publish the last observation of the scientist and student, making every aspect of nature or society a subject of instruction and inference.

It still remains, however, that no man is liberally educated who is not acquainted with the best that has been thought and known in the world. And he who knows that best is an essentially *different man* from him who knows it not. We have a right to expect some things of him which only by chance and by exception can we find in another. The liberally educated man may lack some things. As such he is no specialist, no professional man as yet. A liberal education is not and never was the means to a livelihood. It was to train the faculties, to develop the energies of the mind, to enlarge the thinking powers. High culture standing by itself will not keep a man from starvation; of course it should be supplemented by practical skill, coupled with some form of utility, with some technical calling. It should be followed by some branch of the "bread and butter sciences," as the Germans say. Yet we may safely assert that the time will never come when it will not be the supreme object of the best minds to gain for themselves and to secure to others the choice treasures of learning which constitute culture; which have been, and will continue to be, the surest foundation of intellectual greatness.

Of course it would not do to overlook the instances of intellectual greatness, even amounting to genius, which have sprung up under forbidding and adverse circumstances; fed with the poorest literary aliment; apparently setting at naught all the rules of sound learning; yet exerting a great influence in some field of thought or affairs. All praise to the self-made man who rises to usefulness and eminence! But too often we may find that these defects of early education, which

it was the province of the liberal studies to correct, are always afterward bitterly deplored, never quite overcome, or they leave the man, in spite of his extraordinary powers, unequal, one-sided, narrow, or unreliable.

One evidence of a good education is a good judgment, a certain balance of mind. But a good judgment implies not only a large and manifold outlook into life, but that discipline of faculties which instinctively perceives the relations of persons and things, and groups all facts under their proper laws.

Undoubtedly we must concern ourselves with the "utilities" of life, as they are called. There must be the manual industries as well as the mental. There must be the lucrative education as well as the liberal—that which shall help men win something more from life than they spend. Yet when society gives itself wholly to muscular and mercenary pursuits, its tendency is downward and sordid. The mind has necessities and rights as well as the body. The imagination must be fed, the affections called forth and exalted, the reason exercised, the soul inspired; men must be *generalists*—to coin a word—before they are specialists. They should have some perception of how broad and deep and varied life is; they should have a measure of their own powers, before they settle down into the limits of a vocation which brings them bread and shelter. They should handle and gain some knowledge of the use of many tools, before they select the one tool which is to carve their way to fortune. The boy may make more money, and in that sense a greater success, by early entrance, with little schooling, upon some business or trade; but he will make more of a man and live a happier life if he stores his mind with some things not to be found in his narrow vocation. That mechanic is a better husband, father, citizen, who, when the day's work is over, can enjoy his newspaper or a book, than he who then must twirl his thumbs or go to bed, or seek his recreation in eating and drinking. He whose occupation is to point needles, or saw clothes-pins, or turn bobbins, is a better man for that early education which led him through the mazes of mathematical thought; which in geography and history took him sight-seeing through many lands, showing him the different peoples of the world, and brought the ancient and modern times into contrast and comparison. There is a certain amount of drudgery connected with every occupation in life. There are duties in our profession which we should gladly be rid of, and which at times become very irksome. The minister, lawyer, physician, statesman, teacher and merchant has his unyielding routine as well as the clerk, or cook, or day-laborer. There will be seasons of weariness, when the rational mind revolts at anything which seems to fix us down and so abridge our liberty. But on the whole the rational man, the liberally educated man, ought to bear his necessary confinement, and even the reverses of life, best. For while the hands are bound the mind is not. Lydia Maria Child said, while on her knees scrubbing her steps, "Well, duty may tie my hands, but nothing shall confine my mind from soaring free!" Such a one from the higher outlook may reconcile himself best to the law of circumstances. He can see in the hour of close routine the way and means to better things. He looks forward with hope and rejoicing to the leisure awaiting him when he can give the mind those gracious and blessed privileges of recreation and companionship which to the cultivated seem the very crown of existence.

Many have misunderstood the significance of that general training of the schools of our own time to their great harm. They have somehow thought that this knowledge of the textbooks was to free them from work and bring them easy fortunes. But when we learn that this training of the mind is not at all to release the hands from labor or our days from wholesome care; that it is only to make us the wiser to choose and the more efficient in what we undertake, and better and more manly men in all respects; then a readjustment will set in and the fanciful follies of so many vagrant young people will cease, who now are vainly looking for easy and genteel places with nothing in particular to do. We must have this general education for all classes. The American idea in this respect is no mistake, and will not be lightly abandoned. The

whole people must be lifted up intellectually and well informed if our present form of government is to continue. Its chief dangers lie in the power of the impostor or the demagogue to excite and sway the ignorant masses. The hope of the impostor and the power of the fanatic, political or religious, lie in the increase of that class which will follow blindly or obey without thinking. Without reason, intelligence, culture, there is no limit to the influence which intrigue, fear and revolutionary schemes may have over them, turning all their prejudices and selfishness against the public weal.

There is no more a real conflict between education and labor than between capital and labor. Go into any agricultural district, into any manufacturing community, and nothing is truer than that the greater intelligence in either will disclose the greater thrift and the higher morality. Neither the farmer nor the mechanic is less industrious or frugal, or neat, or well-to-do, or more discontented, because he has received a good education, reads his daily or weekly paper, and has access to a well-selected library. Contrast the illiterate population of any land or state or city with the best communities that you and I know, and say if there is not something in mental training and the higher education to temper the passions and prejudices, to elevate the reason, and to refine the character and tastes of men.

Now what a liberal education is to a purely utilitarian or mechanical education, such seems to me the liberal faith is as compared with traditional and current systems. Orthodoxy is strictly utilitarian and professional. As the liberal education stands for the improvement of *the man*, the whole intellectual man waking up and testing all his faculties, enlarging his view of the field of life as the fit and necessary preliminary to a wise choice of vocation, so the liberal faith seeks to awaken all a man's spiritual faculties, opens the whole field of religious thought, but leaves the man unpledged except to reason and to truth. But the method of the popular faith is to start in with the *specialty*. It trusts to no man the privilege of choice as to what he will be or believe. It hastily shuts the doors if they open into the fields of inquiry or speculation, or heaps distrust if not contempt upon all peoples and doctrines lying outside the limits of a sect. It is not to be denied that this serves some very real wants. And it may be better for all those who want to be ruled, who crave authority more than they do truth, who dare not trust themselves in matters of faith, and whose chief concern is to escape some personal danger. It puts a certain check upon religious vagrancy. There are men without spiritual or rational balance who keep roaming about, not knowing what to think or do; and tired of this useless, unsteady life, are at length glad to find something definite and settled, even if false. Such persons are willing to dismiss their thinking powers henceforth for the sake of a local habitation and a name.

Yet it is in the light of these very services that orthodoxy merits the distinction of being a bread-and-butter religion. It is practical, not speculative; fixed, not progressive. The more orthodox, the less expansive and rational—distrusting reason. These qualities recommend it to many. Its type is those educators who would have a boy from the first put to a trade, with the feeling that it is of no consequence about the culture and development of his mind or his individual choice, there being a suspicion that all he could gain from books or thinking would only fill his head with fancies and follies to unsettle and ruin him at last.

In the one definite object of traditional religion lies its popular strength, and that is very great.

That object is "*to save the soul*;" and it seeks to make its scheme for this as definite as its object. This makes the motive utilitarian from first to last; and its method is a method of expedients. Its effect is not to develop the faculties, for the salvation of the soul has nothing to do with the faculties; but it gives self-satisfaction, complacency, and peace. It does not by any necessity develop virtue; for by its theory there is no merit in virtue. It has even heaped all manner of indignity upon morality—calling it the "filthy rags of righteousness." Intellectual culture, the powers of reason, have been ruled out, not merely as being no aid or

means to salvation, but as a snare to the feet. To be saved the man must submit himself to what the scheme requires. He must simply use the tools put in his hands as he is told to use them, eat the bread set before him, asking no questions. He must make the proper declarations, in the proper phrases, read the prescribed works, observe the established rites; and coming to all these with the right dispositions he will certainly settle the theological problem in the authorized way, receive the promised rewards, make the spiritual profits, and thus gain the great end of life—the salvation of the soul.

But in the liberal faith the mind is not first and last and constantly directed to this specialty or professional result of getting the soul safe lodged in the secure blessedness of another life. It is not always thinking of rewards and possession of heavenly good to be meted out hereafter as the compensation of some strict conformity to a salvation scheme here. Other aims are involved in the personal and present conditions. The objective or traditional faiths seek by any and all means to lodge the soul in the heaven of God. And by their methods, no matter what a man has done or left undone; no matter what the soul is wanting in the true discipline of life; no matter what it is worth, lacking all the acquirements of virtue; no matter how mean in intellect or reason or self-control—though this were its own fault; one sigh of contrition from the dying thief, or the life-long libertine, one word of confession from the murderer under the gallows, is adequate to secure the favor of God, rescue the soul from danger, and command the supreme object of life. In contrast to all this the liberal faith seeks first to make the soul *worth saving*; seeks by all enlarging and rational views and knowledge of the truth and exercise of virtue in this life to fit it for any higher sphere or enjoyments which await us forever in the hereafter. If its thoughts are less on the future life than on this life, it is because here are our imperative duties; here are our golden opportunities.

If all our faculties are duly exercised; if our mental, moral and spiritual natures are guided and developed as they should be (and we are enjoined to love God with all the *mind* as well as with all the *heart*); if the present state is sacredly prized and justly improved, the soul will grow and be in health. It will be worth saving, and will be saved as the natural consequence of its fidelity and earnestness. In other words, if we do our duty in the present state we have no occasion to worry over our salvation in any future state. And the chief object of the liberal faith is, not to exalt schemes and creeds and forms of confession, not rites and sacraments or any style of ecclesiastical millinery, or labor-saving mechanism, but to commend active and receptive thought, freedom from prejudice and love of truth, pure souls and virtuous living.

Mr. Lowell tells us that between the two great poets, Dante and Chaucer, there was this religious distinction: "With Dante the main question is the saving of the soul, with Chaucer it is the conduct of life." Now these two expressions may mean the same thing; but more often, as in our time, they do not. For ourselves we feel that the health of society demands of us to appeal to men in behalf of *the conductal life*. And as intellectual culture gives to the mind longer range and a truer perspective, lifts one above a certain narrowness and pettiness of judgment; so the liberal faith, whenever it really exists (for what is called that may often be spurious), enables a man to estimate more broadly and fairly the great religious problems which agitate the world. He will be little concerned for schemes of salvation, it may be; he will be only concerned for their bearing upon the conduct of life. Moreover culture, mental or religious, enables men to suspend judgment and refuse to dogmatize where the want of culture is forever insisting upon definite and decisive answers. It is how often the sign of a childish mind that must have, at once, an authoritative statement, where the disciplined mind well knows that no such statement can be honestly given. The problem is very likely beyond human power to solve, or the evidence is as yet insufficient for a clear solution. And he who has not yet learned to distinguish between what he believes or hopes, and what he knows, is not yet fitted to instruct men either in virtue or in truth. The trouble with

the man of traditions is, he must have his fixed and formulated answers at hand to meet all cases of doubt or inquiry, or he is distressed; while the man of liberal faith is perfectly content to leave many questions as he finds them—not only unanswered, but unanswerable in the light of present knowledge. He only wonders at that audacity and assumption which professes to settle, easily and once for all, and as if by divine commission, so many things that all fair reason and investigation must refuse to justify, being incompetent to determine.

Dogmatic answers are often a great comfort to a person overcome with a commission of doubt or a panic of fright; but what satisfaction can they afford to a man in his senses, rational and thoughtful? He is rather offended by that form of treatment. Unless there is greater pleasure to be gained from that stultification of the mind, which loves inactivity and prefers to be fed with what Matthew Arnold calls "claptrap," than in that calm pursuit of truth which is the privilege of the unfettered reason, then a liberal faith is best for those who are able to adopt it. This permits us to displace our poor creed of to-day with a better one to-morrow, if we can find it. We are bound only to seek and accept truth—truth of thought and of life. We would make our powers of mind more vigilant, every sensibility of right more keen, every fact of God more instructive. If life raises problems where certainty is impossible, men who claim to have it only betray thereby the paralysis which has struck their intellects. Man's destiny and sphere are dwarfed, the outlook of soul is belittled, the moment we are told that these are closed questions. We want them open—at least until the arrival of more sufficing testimony. The wing of fancy droops, aspiration dies, free-will faints and is powerless, whenever these windows out into the free, into the infinite, are barred and blinded by imprudent affirmation.

The soul will be saved if the soul is worth saving—no doubt of that. What shall we do then but mould it, build it as far as we may in the likeness of God? Let his life of reason, truth, holiness, flow in. Let it share in the unprofaned touch of his infinity. A French philosopher (Malebranche) said, "If I held truth captive I should let it fly, that I might have the pleasure of capturing it again." And surely it was not the sprig of hay or the wreath of olive leaves that rewarded the victor at the Olympian games. It was the long preparation, the discipline, the contest, in which were developed the highest results of national genius. So the true value and test of religion is not something beyond or external to the man, but something within him. Nothing outward or objective is his true measure. He shall not live by bread or for bread alone. He is not to be judged by the accidents of dress, food or shelter. He is not to be judged by the equally accidental rites he performs, nor the post he keeps, nor the prayers and professions that he makes. The attempt which he makes by some act of spiritual magic to cast the balance of his soul's fate on the side of salvation, may count as much against him as for him. But what the man is in himself; what he is at heart and by just reason; what he has made himself by the discipline of self-control and lofty aims; the faithfulness with which he has employed his powers and opportunities; the effort by which he has sought to realize in himself the perfections of God; the desire for truth, the love of equity, forgetfulness of self in the service of others; the heart responsive to all goodness, the mind open to all light;—these do indeed determine the character and the value of a man—a man's manhood—in the sight of God as really as in the sight of humanity.

We may not quiet our desires by satisfying them, for they grow faster than we can satisfy them; but we can pit one desire against another, and the greater will conquer the less. The permanent desires may, in ideal natures, conquer the transient ones. Among criminals there are no permanent desires; they have no ideal to which they strive, but they follow their animal desires without regard to consequences. The central point of character is the ideal; from that point character grows.

W. W.

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The volume of this [gnomic] wisdom is properly the world's Bible, and every sentence, every fragment of it is precious beyond price. Mr. Blake has given us in this little book the condensed result of the thought of his best hours—hours spent, and a great many of them, in study, reflection, observation, calm, careful meditation upon the great problems of life and of being. The fruit is a rare work of wisdom; a neat volume full to the brim of enrichment, suggestion, stimulus; a very encheiridion, a vademecum to carry amid all passages, the varied experiences and exposures of our earthly life. Every one will find something here to feed upon, pemmican to carry for the waste and solitary places in his journey—song of conquest, notes of the battle cry for successful conflict and victory.—*Charles D. B. Mills in Unity*.

The essays of Mr. Blake will surprise and delight all lovers of good English prose. He has made a contribution of lasting value to our literature in a form so condensed and so original as to inevitably attract and hold the attention of thoughtful readers. One is reminded not only by the brevity of these essays, but by the cast and mould of the sentences, and the plain, fine, discriminating language, of Bacon's condensed wit and sense. The quaint, clear English, like that which has come down to us from other days, is, however, the only thing in the book that is not modern. This writer reflects the culture of to-day. He respects individuality; he is humane; he is not afraid of the truth; he believes in the future, and that justice and mercy must prevail.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The quality of these essays which impresses us throughout is one for which we can find no better word than charm. There is something in their manner which is pleasing and delightful to a very high degree. Their quaintness, their archaic simplicity of manner and turn of phrase, have much to do with this. Very likely a critic here and there will say that the style is artificial and affected, but if the impeachment cannot be denied, it is certain that the artificiality is agreeable, and the affectation wonderfully pleasant. We do not imagine that Mr. Blake has chosen any of the great essayists for a model. But it is evident that, like all the essayists, he is a lover of his kind, that he has read them carefully and lovingly, and some of the colors from their palettes have been floated off upon his own. Perhaps it is Bacon more than any other who is subtly echoed here and there. But Mr. Blake is a lover of them all, and quotes from them with generous admiration. Nor has he hesitated, in two or three instances, to revert to subjects which the genius of Bacon has already touched and beautified—praise, anger, death, vainglory. It would be a daring thing to say that Mr. Blake's essays on these subjects are much better than those of "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," but "a consensus of the competent" would probably assign to them a greater value relatively to the needs and problems of the present time.—*The Index*.

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UNITY.

EDITORS:

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
J. V. BLAKE, J. C. LEARNED,
W. C. GANNETT, H. M. SIMMONS,
F. L. HOSMER, DAVID UTTER.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—Last week the Woman's Club held its annual meeting, and a large amount of good work accomplished was reported. Through the influence of this club, a woman physician has been appointed at the State Insane Asylum, another at the County Infirmary. A free kindergarten has been maintained throughout the year. Important legislation, both municipal and state, has been accomplished, or put in the way of accomplishment. The report of the "Protective Agency for Women and Children" shows that one hundred and twenty-seven complaints have been attended to. The detailed report of these cases is exceedingly interesting. We know of no more active or wholesome influence in the city than that exerted by the Woman's Club. Mrs. Lucretia Heywood is President and Mrs. E. E. Marean is the Recording Secretary-elect.

—The Chicago Women's Unitarian Association held its February meeting on Thursday, the 24th, at the Church of the Messiah. There were nearly one hundred ladies present. An excellent paper was given by Mrs. F. A. Johnson; topic: "Evolution of Religious Freedom." The discussion was opened by Mrs. Marean and became quite general. A good many ladies spoke briefly, and Mrs. Effinger and Mrs. West quite at length. The meeting adjourned at the usual time to meet March 31st, at the Third Church.

MRS. GEO. D. BROOMELL, Sec'y pro tem.

Boston Notes.—The daily papers report Rev. James Freeman Clarke with a hope of soon being about town again.

—Our Benevolent Fraternity of churches are holding, in the chapel in Parmenter street (a decayed section of our city), popular Sunday evening meetings, with much solo and chorus singing and instrumental accompaniment.

—The fiftieth anniversary of its present ministry under Rev. C. A. Bartol, and the one hundred and fiftieth of its foundation, was, on March 1st, celebrated by prayer and hymn and by addresses from all our oldest ministers, and from some prominent ministers of other denominations.

—In 1737 Boston had a homogeneous and a semi-patriarchal population.

—February 22d is, in Massachusetts, a legal holiday, and in city and suburbs it is quite generally given over to church festivals, with marches, dances, or historical exhibitions for the juveniles.

—Rev. Edward E. Hale will spend March in Florida and other southern states.

—The valuable Public Adult Schools closed March 11. It is stated that in 1754 the first Adult Schools were organized in North Wales. Lessons in reading the Bible were given on Sunday evenings in the parish chapels to pupils from six to seventy years of age. In 1811, in Wales, children and adults were taught separately. In 1812 the first English Adult Schools were opened in Bristol—Bible reading was taught. In 1813 writing was added as a study amid fierce opposition and large withdrawals of subscriptions. The first American Adult Schools were opened by the Warren Street Chapel, Boston. They are now made into public schools in many cities and towns in the United States.

—Rev. William P. Tilden partially supplies the pulpit of Rev. J. F. Clarke, who slowly improves in strength.

—All theatrical shows have during Lent retreated to the extreme northern cities, according to their well-known business rule for March, April and May. A movement is already making towards unusual inducements and an unusually large attendance on our Boston anniversary meetings in May.

Philadelphia.—The Mr. Gilbert who recently came out from the Methodist church speaks for Mr. Ames on the morning of the 6th.

—It is probable that Reynolds from Boston, Camp from Brooklyn, and all the liberal teachers in Philadelphia, including Weston, will participate in the dedication ceremonies and conference near at hand in Camden.

—Thomas B. Harned has read a paper on Walt Whitman before the Unity Ethical Association connected with Haskell's church.

—Mr. Ames has been preaching a series of sermons in delineation of his spiritual experiences on the journey from orthodoxy upward. They are replete with the homely, wise sayings which one may always expect from him.

—Weston has given two addresses on Buddha, and has been listened to by audiences generous in size and weight.

—Miss Porter, who edits *Shakespeareana*, is about to read a paper before the women's section of the Ethical Culture Society.

—The Emerson Circle at Germantown continues its readings. The average attendance is more than twenty. At present they are considering "English Traits."

—Although Unitarians and Universalists here pretty freely fellowship each other, there is one of the Universalist preachers who refuses to regard Unitarians as Christians, and consequently holds himself aloof from association.

—An attempt made at the Academy of Natural Sciences to frown down the free utterances of lecturers in the direction of evolution led to a very ill success.

H. L. T.

Humboldt, Iowa.—Here is a neatly printed calendar for Sunday evening services, running from the last of October to the first of June, giving titles of lectures and special services, in which sixteen different members of the parish take part, many of them young men and women, whom we recognize as having grown up in this parish work; for instance, we notice that the "Children's Christmas Service" was to be in charge of Miss Edith Prouty; that March 6th there was to be a "Service of Freedom," with a paper on Harriet Beecher Stowe, by Mary Taft. April 3d, the paper will be on John Howard, by Minnie Avery. It seems to us but yesterday when in our campaigning days these were three little girls in the Humboldt Sunday-school, who listened with delightful attention to what "Uncle Jenk" had to say. Among other topics are found Gladstone, Emerson, Victor Hugo, "Religion in Art," etc., etc. If there is another Unitarian parish east or west who can and will show such a corps of lay-workers on high themes as this little parish far out on the Iowa prairie, UNITY and its readers are anxious to hear from it. Why is

it so? We answer: 1. Humboldt was planted upon an idea. S. H. Taft founded his colony there with religion, morals and reform, on the banner around which the immigrants rallied. 2. The "Humboldt College," which so many Unitarians east and west mourn as dead, lives in the power that makes this programme possible. We wish those who mourn ill-invested money in that institution which was born out of a great prophetic dream, might each have a copy of this programme, and that they might be able to read between the lines what the present writer can. 3. The two pastors which this church has had, have believed in ideas, and in *working* for them during the week-days, as well as preaching them on Sunday. 4. These two pastors happened to be women. This has had something to do with it. How much?

Women's Western Unitarian Conference.—The fourth quarterly meeting of the Directors was held at the office on Thursday March 3. Present: Mrs. West, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Marean and Miss Graves. The minutes of the December meeting were read and approved. The treasurer read her report, which was accepted. Letters from absent directors were then read. The general expression was of interest in the work of the conference and hope for its continuance and increase. Mrs. Savage was "grateful" for the Post-office Mission as "another up-lifting power brought to bear upon the human race—a power whose extent and capacity are yet unmeasured." Mrs. Dow and Mrs. Hilton spoke from recent intelligence of the zeal and activity of the women of the church in Denver. Mention was made by the secretary of a box received in February from the Women's Auxiliary Conference—branch of the Church of the Disciples, Boston—containing for the Loan Library ten volumes, 884 pamphlet sermons by Doctor Clarke, twelve volumes of *Old and New*, a large package of *Registers*, copies of UNITY, with a number of miscellaneous pamphlets—all excellent for distribution. Voted, that the secretary should send the thanks of the W. W. U. C. to the donors. Some time was next devoted to the discussion of a programme for the annual meeting in the afternoon of Tuesday, May 17, which it is hoped to make attractive and of practical value.

M. H. G.

Luverne, Minn.—Less than six months ago the Western Secretary gave the first Unitarian sermons ever heard in this enterprising town, and to-day Brother Hunting writes: "We have a Sunday-school and a Bible class of twenty-five persons, adults, and a Unity circle of ladies, reading and working, and much enthusiasm. The weather has been very bad since I came—a hard storm every week and railroads blocked up, but I continue to go from Luverne to Rock Rapids, Sundays, sixteen miles travel; a Bible class and two preaching services. We will soon organize a Sunday-school here." S. S. Hunting is renewing his youth and the good work goes cheerily on in the Northwest. So may it continue until the flame of enthusiasm reaches Duluth on the North and Wichita to the South! From both these rapidly growing centers come calls to our Western headquarters for a forward movement.

Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio.—Rev. A. G. Jennings, Missionary Agent of the American Unitarian Association for the three states above named, drops in on us all aglow with interest and enthusiasm in his work. He returns from a somewhat extended tour of observation—through Richmond, Dayton, Knightstown, Westfield, Evansville, Louisville, Cincinnati and other places—with encouraging reports from several important centers, where the time seems ripe for organizing Unitarian churches. He has spoken in these cities and towns eight times, and is planning for a vigorous spring campaign with

sixteen preaching and lecture engagements before him for the month. It is refreshing to strike hands with this valiant missionary brother. He says: "I find everything in regard to our work in a very hopeful condition, the result I think largely of our P. O. mission workers." Long live our post-office mission workers! They are doing more than we know or can appreciate at present. Time must yield a fruitful harvest from this unique field of industry.

Buffalo.—Rev. George W. Cutter marks the close of his tenth year with his people with a sermon full of gladness for the past and courage for the future. "The most eventful decade in the history of the society," for it has given a new church, a congregation steadily strengthening, an efficient Aid Society, and a beautiful new home, just finished, for the Sunday-school and Unity club and work rooms. In figures, \$120,000 sums up the living and the giving of the church through these ten years. The preacher tells his people now: "My next aim would be to start a second Unitarian society in some other quarter of the city. In order to do that I should have to have the assistance of a colleague—or, if you will call some one to take charge of this church, I will cheerfully resign to him all there is here, go a mile up town and begin the new movement." We congratulate our old friend and predict the colleague.

Minneapolis.—A significant and hopeful sign of the times is the organization at the State University of "The Students' Liberal Association." Its object is: to promote tolerance of religious thought and speech; to secure unbiased investigation of moral and religious subjects; to foster sincerity and earnestness of individual conviction, and, with these ends in view, to secure lecturers in such a manner as to give an impartial hearing to all creeds and beliefs. President Northrop gave the society public welcome, on the ground that it sought to "promote morality and religion." It is to hold monthly meetings, and Mr. Simmons gave the first address.

Rock Rapids, Iowa.—Rev. S. S. Hunting is zealously working at this point and reports progress. He writes—"The work here prospers. I have organized a Unity Club of forty members, with industrial, literary, musical and dramatic sections. The club at present takes the form of a literary and musical sociable open to all comers. The congregations are good. I publish a column of my last Sunday's sermon in the weekly paper, *The Reporter*. The strength of the town is with us. We will soon organize a Sunday-school here."

Wyoming Territory.—A "bishop," MacQuary by name, was recently called, according to the *Salt Lake Tribune*, to attend the funeral of a little girl thirteen years old, who died from a dose of poison; how taken is not ascertained. Assuming suicide, this pious brother could not sing a hymn or make a prayer, because "he held her in utter contempt." He further dealt in brutalities of that kind. Is there no need of humanizing the piety of the clergy, civilizing, and refining religion?

An Emerson Mission.—Our venerable brother, John S. Brown, writes from Lawrence, Kansas: "I need more copies of Emerson's Divinity School Address. It takes hold of young and thoughtful men." \$2.50 will send him one hundred copies. If anybody, believing in Emerson and in missionary work, desires an effective hand to help him, we know of none more willing and efficient than Brother Brown.

An Exchange of Favors.—There are 28,000 men, women and children connected with the theatrical institutions of London, and a Mission Institute has been organized. A

building will soon be constructed for the ethical and religious advantages of the institute. Believing as we do that the stage has been, and is to be still more, a power of good in the spiritual life, this is but a tardy recognition of their duty on the part of those partly interested in the church.

Youngstown, Ohio, has been hopefully interested by some missionary meetings held in the interests of the Unitarian faith, by T. P. Byrnes, a student of the Meadville Theological School. The audiences have been good. The local papers have printed at length Mr. Byrnes' discourses. The movement has been welcomed by the Jewish rabbi of the place, at whose temple some of the meetings have been held.

Tremont, Ill.—Unitarian services, suspended in January, February and March, are to be resumed again in April. The ladies of the church have given one musical and literary entertainment and another is announced. We send hearty greeting to these faithful workers, and take fresh courage from their earnestness and devotion.

Warren, Ill.—The Western Secretary was again greeted with full houses on Sunday, March 6. The friends who have this movement most at heart are much encouraged. The outlook brightens from month to month. Enthusiasm increases. From young and old we hear expressions of growing interest in the work.

Madison, Wis.—An anniversary service was held in the Unitarian church, February 20. "National Memories and Hopes" gave the key-note to the hour. R. G. Siebecker and H. M. Lewis addressed the congregation on "Benefits of our Social System" and "Lessons from our History."

St. Louis.—At the last meeting of the Unitarian Club Dr. Otto A. Wall read an excellent paper on *Religion and Science*. He used in illustration of his theme Drummond's "*Natural Law in the Spiritual World*," an instance of a union of unscientific science with unorthodox theology.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. Pastor, Rev. David Utter. Services at 10:45 A.M. Sunday-school at 12:15. The study section of the Fraternity meets Friday evening, March 11. Subject, "James Fenimore Cooper."

UNITY CHURCH, corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Minister, Rev. T. G. Milsted. Services at 10:45 A.M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. V. Blake, minister. The fourth in a series of Sermons on Religion as related to the Elements of Time. Subject, The Present, at the morning service at 10:45. Evening lecture at 7:30. Tuesday, March 15, at 8 P.M., the Literary Club. Wednesday, March 16, at 4 P.M., the Charity Section; at 8 P.M., the Longfellow Class.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Pastor, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Sunday, March 13, Mr. Jones will preach at 11 A.M., subject, "St. Patrick." Sunday-school at 9:30 A.M. No evening service at the church. The Victor Hugo Section of the Unity Club meets Monday evening promptly at 8. Teachers' meeting Friday evening at 7:30.

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL, State and Randolph streets. Next Sunday evening, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones will deliver the third of the following series of three sermons on

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.
February 27, "What is Spirituality?" March 6, "The Spiritual Poverty of the Prosperous Classes." March 13, "The Uplands of the Spirit."

The singing will be conducted by the People's Church Quartette of male voices. Doors open at 7:15; services begin promptly at 7:45 P.M. All are cordially invited.

UNION TEACHERS' MEETING at the Channing Club Room, 175 Dearborn street, room 93, Monday noon, March 14. Rev. Mr. Blake will lead.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

OF THE
WOMAN'S WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE, NOV. 1, 1886, TO DATE.

RECEIPTS.

By Cash in hand Nov. 1.....	\$ 4.05
By Third Church, Chicago.....	3.00
By All Souls Church.....	20.00
By Unity Church, Denver, Colo.....	5.00
By Unity Church, St. Louis.....	35.75
By Annual memberships.....	25.00
By Life membership.....	10.00
By Mrs. J. S. Brewer, Chicago.....	2.00
By A Friend.....	.50
By Miss E. M. Rowe.....	1.00
	<hr/>
	\$106.30

PAYMENTS.

To Unity Mission Tracts.....	\$ 14.52
To 1,000 Postal Cards, W. W. U. C.....	10.00
To Rent and Expenses, Central office.....	18.00
To Secretary's Expenses to Winona, Minn.....	8.76
To Salary of Secretary.....	49.99
To Postage and Wrapping Paper for Sec'y.....	3.77
To Balance.....	1.26
	<hr/>
	\$106.30

Annual memberships received from Nov. 1, to date: Mrs. M. W. Pinckney, Mrs. Geo. L. Carrington, Mrs. C. G. Thomas, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. M. E. Tucker, Mrs. B. F. Felix, Mrs. H. J. Beckwith, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Alice L. Taylor, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; Mrs. Mary Mayes, Osceola, Iowa; Mrs. Davenport, Miss E. J. Davis, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mrs. M. E. Jehu, Estherville, Iowa; Miss Emma Clark, Fairfield, Iowa; Mrs. B. S. Long, Miss E. H. Long, Geneva, Ill.; Miss A. A. Woodward, Madison, Wis.; Mrs. Minnie S. Savage, Cooksville, Wis.; Mrs. Elizabeth T. Wilson, Winona, Minn.; Mrs. H. M. Hiscock, Mrs. E. N. Smith, Mrs. A. G. Rhoades, Miss Helen Peck, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. John R. Effinger, Normal Park, Ills.; Mrs. Phebe L. Houghton, Miss Clementine Houghton, Ann Arbor, Mich. **MRS. J. C. HILTON,** March 3, '87. **Treas. W. W. U. C.**

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